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Shaun Aroon.

ROORBACH'S
AMERICAN
EDITION OF
ACTING
PLAYS

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SHAUN AROON

An Original Irish Drama in
Three Acts

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

AUTHOR OF "RIO GRANDE," "THE WOVEN WEB," "UNCLE JOSH," "SPY OF GETTYS-
BURG," "BORDER LAND," "UNDER A CLOUD," "MISS MADCAP," "BROKEN
FETTERS," "DECEPTION," "ON GUARD," "A BREEZY CALL,"
"THE MAN FROM MAINE," "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," ETC.

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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SHAUN AROON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | | |
|--|-----------|--|
| SHAUN AROON | | <i>A roving fellow with a light purse and a lighter heart.</i> |
| LORD FERMOY (<i>disguised as "BAD ANDY"</i>) | | <i>A good-hearted landlord.</i> |
| FERGUS RIORDAN | | <i>Fermoy's rascally agent.</i> |
| DAN O'GRADY | | <i>A sturdy old farmer.</i> |
| TOM O'GRADY | | <i>His son.</i> |
| OLD HENNINGS | | <i>A money-lender.</i> |
| NIPPER | | <i>A detective.</i> |
| PATRICK | | <i>A servant.</i> |
| MRS. O'GRADY | | <i>Dan's wife.</i> |
| MOLLY | | <i>His daughter.</i> |
| MAGGIE | | <i>A maid-servant.</i> |

TIME. — The present. An interval of six months between the first and second Acts; of two hours between the second and third Acts.

SCENE. — Lord Fermoy's estate on the Blackwater River.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — TWO HOURS.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I. — Parlor in the "King's Arms" Hotel. — The old farmer and the scheming agent. — The plot. — Shaun and "Bad Andy." — Fergus is surprised. — "Lave me choke him a bit." — Shaun's suspicions. —

Molly and Maggie. — A bit of blarney. — Molly makes a discovery. — Fergus surprised again. — "Are you hurt?" — Fergus makes a proposal. — The answer. — "I've a mind to strike you!" — Shaun on hand. — His answer.

ACT II. — Sitting-room at O'Grady's. — A lapse of six months. — Mother and daughter. — Molly's reason. — Dan's sorrow. — "God bless you, my colleen. — The alarm. — Tom's arrival. — Fergus learns a secret. — The money-lender. — Fergus's threat. — Shaun and Maggie. — A rumpus. — Molly decides. — Shaun's advice. — The arrest. — The eviction. — "Stand back, or I'll brain ye!" — Tableau.

ACT III. — At Fermoy Castle. — A lapse of two hours. — Pat in clover. — Maggie seeks information. — A muscular maiden. — Hennings gets mad. — Bad Andy learns something. — The attempted whipping. — "Dance, or I'll cut ye into fiddle-strings." — The letter. — The arrest of Shaun and Bad Andy. — Tom's promise. — The examination. — Hennings gets even. — "Who are you?" — "Fermoy, of Fermoy Castle!" — Fergus weakens. — The confession. — Shaun's invitation. — Happy ending.

PROPERTIES.

(See also "SCENE PLOT" and "COSTUMES.")

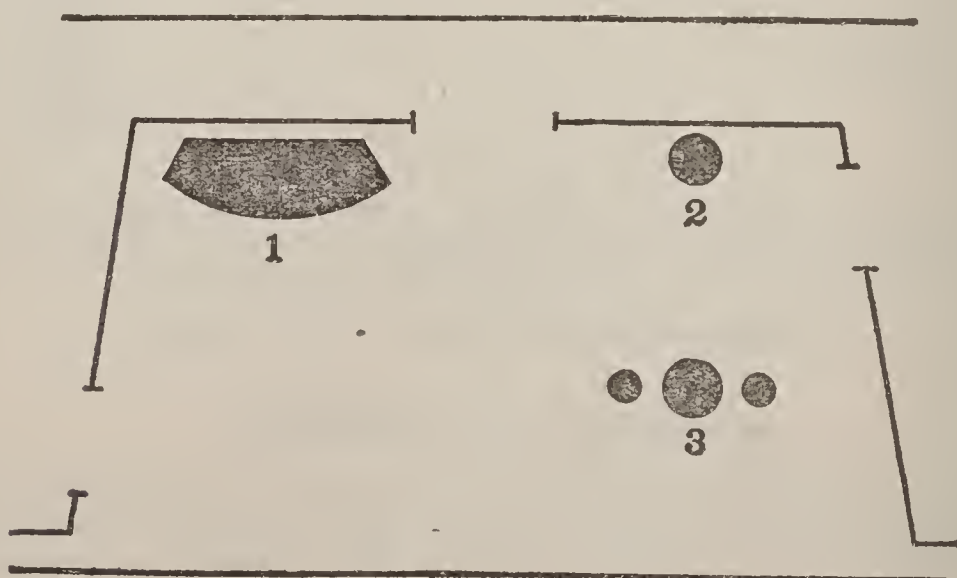
ACT I. — Flagon of liquor and two glasses; pipes and "blackthorn" for SHAUN and "BAD ANDY."

ACT II. — Walking-stick and legal paper for HENNINGS; books on table; candle.

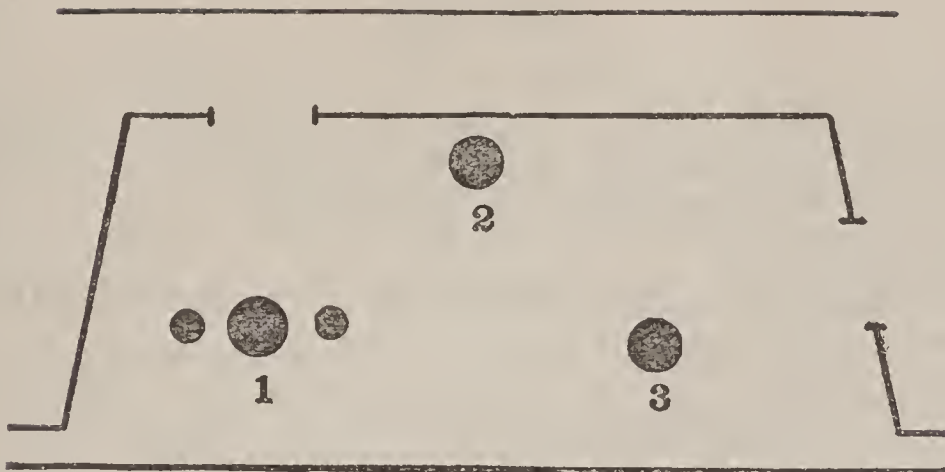
ACT III. — Newspaper; whip; decanter of wine and glasses on table; pistol for HENNINGS; letter in envelope for NIPPER; handcuffs for NIPPER; legal paper for FERGUS; candles in fancy candlestick (lighted) on table.

STAGE SETTINGS.

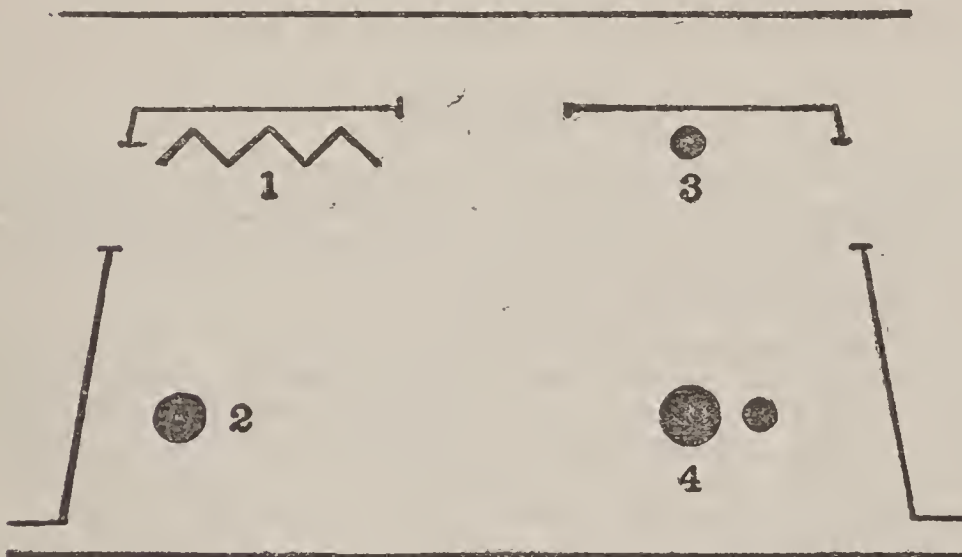
ACT I.



ACT II.



ACT III.



SCENE PLOT.

ACT I. — Parlor in the "KING'S ARMS," in 4th grooves, with plain interior backing in 5th grooves. Door C. in flat. Doors L. U. E., and R. I E. (1). Sofa up R. (2). Chair up L. (3). Table and two chairs down L. front. Two or three cheap pictures on walls. Furniture plain, but substantial.

ACT II. — Sitting-room at O'Grady's in 3d grooves, with plain interior backing in 4th grooves. Doors R. in flat, and L. 2 E. (1). Table and two chairs R. front. (3). Chair L. front. (2). Easy-chair up C. Lighted candle in candlestick on table. Carpet down. All furniture, etc., neat, but not rich.

ACT III. — Ante-room in Castle Fermoy in 4th grooves, with hall backing in 5th grooves. Arch, draped with heavy curtains, C. Doors R. U. E. and L. U. E. (1). Large screen up R., near flat. (3). Easy-chair up L. (4). Table and chair L. front. (2). Chair R. front. Candles in fancy candlestick lighted on table. Carpet and rugs. All furniture, etc., very rich and heavy.

COSTUMES.

SHAUN. — Age 25. Knee-breeches, jacket, cap, no beard.

LORD FERMOY. — Age 25. Until last act is disguised as "BAD ANDY," wearing full beard, rough wig, and long, heavy, rough coat. These are thrown off in last Act, revealing elegant hunting-suit.

FERGUS. — Age 45. Modern suit, rather shabby. Manner of smooth, oily scoundrel.

DAN O'GRADY. — Age 60. Modern suit. A man of education and refinement.

TOM O'GRADY — Age 25. Free and bold. Modern costume.

OLD HENNINGS. — Age 50. A typical money-lender. Black suit.

NIPPER. — Age 40. Rather rough in dress and manner.

PATRICK. — Age 30. Modern suit. Servant's livery in last Act.

MRS. O'GRADY. — Age 50. Quiet house-dress.

MOLLY. — Age 20. Neat house-dress. First entrance wears straw hat.

MAGGIE. — Age 18. Servant's dress, cap, and apron.

REMARKS.

SHAUN AROON is an Irish play of the present time. It is one of the best acting plays ever written, and is founded on actual facts which came under the observation of its talented author while in Ireland some time ago. The plot is original, the action is very brisk, the humor abundant, and the characters are drawn true to life.

This drama is entirely out of the rut of so-called Irish plays. There are no "red-coats," no drunkards, and no tiresome, worn-out prison scenes. It is a *new* Irish play in all that the word implies,—new in plot, in action, and in characters. The author's skill in construction is admirably shown, and every character has an opportunity for strong individual work. In producing the play the following suggestions—obtained from the author himself—will be of the utmost service in making up, dressing, and acting the various parts.

SHAUN is a young fellow about 25 years of age. He should make-up as a blonde, with light curly hair, red cheeks, and smooth-shaven. He wears knee-breeches, low shoes, fancy vest, short jacket, cap, or small soft hat, and speaks with a decided brogue. He is bright, fearless, quick-witted, and is ready to sing, dance, make love, or fight, as the case may be—an acknowledged favorite with all classes.

LORD FERMOY is about SHAUN's age. Until the close of the last Act he is disguised as "BAD ANDY," and should be very careful to retain the brogue at all times, except in his scenes with MOLLY. Remember that until the end no one but SHAUN knows who he really is. While disguised as "BAD ANDY" he wears a rough wig and a short, full beard, the latter being mounted on wire so that it can be readily thrown off in the last Act. He wears a long, rough overcoat, and underneath this a handsome hunting or riding suit. He has a keen sense of humor, and is a manly, whole-souled gentleman.

FERGUS RIORDAN is a disagreeable character, yet as he offers scope for very powerful work, the part should always be in the hands of a good actor. His age is about 45, and his make-up should be very dark,

with heavy black eyebrows that nearly meet. His face must be made repulsive, with very little color, and he has a habit of drawing the upper lip when angry, showing the teeth. At other times he has a smooth, sneaking, oily manner. Take plenty of time for the dancing-scene in the last Act, showing intense hatred and vindictiveness towards "ANDY." This character should be carefully studied, as it can be made one of the most prominent in the play. He wears a black suit, rather rusty-looking, the coat being long, and a dingy black low-crowned hat.

DAN O'GRADY is a sturdy, florid, and hale old man of 60. He is a well-read man, and uses good language. His face is ruddy, hair gray, and he wears no beard. His movements are active, his manner positive. He wears a modern suit, with top-boots or leggings, and a square-crowned hat. The coat may be slightly old-fashioned, or a brown cape overcoat may be worn.

TOM O'GRADY is a young man of 25, with the energetic air of a successful young American. He wears an ordinary business suit and a black derby hat.

HENNINGS is a man of 50. He is smooth-faced and rather pale. He is curt and sharp in speech and manner. He wears a black suit, somewhat out of date.

NIPPER has no marked peculiarities. He is a man of 40, somewhat bluff in manner, and wears a dark business suit.

PATRICK. This is a low-comedy part, and, although short, is very amusing if well played. He is about 30 years of age, red-faced, quick-spoken, and full of "go." He wears a waiter's jacket in the first Act, and a servant's livery in the third.

MRS. O'GRADY is a woman of 50. She is quiet and home-like. Her hair is tinged with gray, and she wears a sober house-dress.

MOLLY is a girl of 20, bright, vivacious, and quickly moved by any passing emotion. Her dislike for FERGUS requires a degree of intensity, but should be entirely free from any indication of petulance. In the first Act she wears a stylish walking dress and hat. In the following Acts a neat house-dress is worn. This part requires careful study in order to depict the varying emotions she is called upon to express.

MAGGIE is a merry, light-hearted girl of the soubrette type, full of fun and high spirits. Her age is about 18, and her costume throughout is that of a servant of the better class, — the dress being plain, but neat.

This play should be carefully rehearsed, giving special attention to the "business." The climax of the second Act must be carefully worked up. Note particularly the positions of the characters as indicated, and see that the cues are taken up promptly, as no dragging can be allowed in this scene. Never let the dialogue drag, but at the same time always allow plenty of time for all necessary business. This is an unusually strong and successful play, and therefore should not be produced until all are perfect in their lines, and thoroughly conversant with the business of every scene.

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. C. means centre; R., right; L., left; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; C. D., centre door; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; D. R. C., door right

of centre ; D. L. C., door left of centre ; D. F., door in the flat ; C. D. F., centre door in the flat ; R. D. F., right door in the flat ; L. D. F., left door in the flat ; 1 G., 2 G., 3 G., etc., first, second, or third grooves, etc. ; 1 E., 2 E., 3 E., etc., first, second, or third entrances, etc. ; R. U. E., right upper entrance ; L. U. E., left upper entrance ; UP, up stage or toward the rear ; DOWN, down stage or toward the audience ; X. means to cross the stage ; X. R., cross toward the right ; X. L., cross toward the left.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.





SHAUN AROON.

ACT I.

Scene. — *Parlor in the "KING'S ARMS" Hotel, in 4th grooves.*
Doors C. in flat, R. I. E. and L. U. E. Table and chairs L. front.
Sofa R. at back. Discover FERGUS and DAN seated L.

Dan. You'll excuse me, Mr. Riordan, but to tell the honest truth, I believe you lie. (FERGUS *half rises*.) Keep your seat. Mind, I don't say you *do* lie. If I did, I'd follow the word with a blow fair between your eyes.

Fergus. That's always your style, Daniel — a word and a blow.

Dan. Exactly. The two go together mighty well, especially with an Irishman.

Fergus. Yes. And that is what has got your people into hot water all the world over.

Dan. Never mind the water so long as it is reduced with good old Irish whiskey.

Fergus. That reminds me. Let's have a drop — provided you'll drink with a man who you think is a liar.

Dan. I'd drink with the Old Boy himself, if the liquor was good.

Fergus. That's sensible. (*Calls.*) Patrick! Patrick! I say!

Enter PATRICK, C. D.

Patrick. Yis, sor. (*Aside.*) An' may the Divil fly away wid yer breath, ye snakin' ould vill'in.

Fergus. What are you mumbling about, eh?

Pat. Faith, I was dyin' av astonishmint at seein' ye in a gintleman's prisence, bedad, an' it made me dumb.

Fergus (*half rising*). I've a mind —

Dan. Easy now. Sit down. Be civil, Pat.

Pat. Yis, sor — whin ye bid me.

Fergus. Bring us a half-pint of the best.

Pat. Yis, sor. Onything else?

Fergus. Yes — get out.

Pat. Yis, sor. (*Aside.*) Go to the Divil! [Exit, C. D.]

Fergus. You'll find, Daniel O'Grady, that I spoke the truth. By letting me have that £200 which you have in the bank, you will make your lease solid and fast for years to come. I tell you that, between us, Lord Fermoy is in low water, and the estates are sure to be closed out. Then away goes all your years of hard labor and self-denial, unless you take time by the forelock and get a hold on your farm which nothing can shake. For, mark my words, if the Fermoy estates are sold, they will go to some of those London swells, or mayhap to one of those American ruffians who have piled up fortunes during the past few years, and who —

Dan. Don't be talking that way of the Americans, Fergus Riordan, or I will hurt you. Sure, isn't my boy Tom an American now, and hasn't he been elected an alderman in Chicago?

Fergus. What is Chicago?

Dan. Now you have me. But I'm thinking it's somewhere near New York — where Tom landed five years ago.

Enter PATRICK, C. D.

Pat. (*placing liquor on table*). There ye air, Mr. Riordan. (*Aside.*) An' I'm hopin' 'twill choke ye!

Fergus. What's that?

Pat. I was sayin' I hope it will plaze ye.

Fergus. Very well. Get out. I've business with Mr. O'Grady.

Pat. Yis, sor. (*Aside.*) Business, bedad! It's dirty business thin. Faith, there's some mischief afoot whin he's so liberal wid the bottle. I'll jist kape me t'other eye open an' watch ye, me duck. [Exit, C. D.]

Fergus. It was a lucky thing for your son Tom that he got away as he did. That was bad work, being tangled up with the "Moonlight Boys," — shooting at agents is bad business, — and if he'd been captured, Dublin Castle would —

Dan (*striking table*). Have a care, Fergus Riordan! My boy was no assassin! And if you dare to hint such a thing, by Heaven, I'll cram the words down your lying throat!

Fergus. There, there, Mr. O'Grady! Remember it was common talk. Didn't Shaun Aroon (*aside*) — curse him — git Tom away the night I was shot at; and wasn't Tom posted the next day? Of course I don't say he was guilty — I don't even believe he was (*aside*) — that's true enough, — but why did he go away so hurriedly, and why has he never returned to clear himself of the charge?

Dan. Why? Because with the infernal spy system, the perjured witnesses, that mockery of justice, they would have sworn his life away. I know he is innocent — you know he is innocent; and

I feel he was justified in going. So that night when Shaun Aroon and Bad Andy hustled him off to Queenstown, I gave him my blessing with a free heart.

Fergus. That reminds me. Who is this Bad Andy? I see he is around here again.

Dan. Yes — for the first time in five years. He is a great friend of Shaun Aroon's, so he can't be so black as he is painted.

Fergus. I doubt it. And I tell you, Dan, this Shaun Aroon will come to no good end.

Dan (*fills glass*). Here's hoping him long life. [*Drinks.*]

Fergus (*aside*). Here's hoping he'll hang. (*Drinks.*) But now to business. What do you say to letting me have the money? I'll give you good security, with liberal interest, and extend your lease for a term of years.

Dan. That's kind of you, Fergus, and perhaps it's a wrong I've been doing you.

Fergus. So it is, if you've felt hard towards me at any time. However, let bygones be bygones. Drink, Dan, and forget the past.

Dan. I think I've had enough, Fergus.

Fergus. Enough? And you an Irishman! (*Fills glasses.*) You'll be denying your nationality next.

Dan. No fear of that, Fergus. [*Drinks.*]

Fergus (*aside*). If I can only get him a bit foggy, I can twist him around my finger.

Dan. You spoke of £200, Fergus, but the truth is, I haven't got it. I did have that sum in bank, but what with sending my daughter Molly to London to finish her education, and some trifling other expenses, the half of it has been swept away. But the £100 you may have and welcome.

Fergus. That's bad. The truth of the matter is, I don't want the money for myself, but to send to Lord Fermoy in London. As I told you, he is pushed for funds, and a paltry £200 will be worth everything to him now. Indeed, he wrote me that he wanted that trifling sum particularly bad, and said that if I could get it from you or any other tenant, that you could ask anything you pleased in the way of a lease. Now, being a friend of yours, and knowing that your leasehold was about expiring, I came to you first of all. But the half would be useless. And indeed I'm afraid his lordship will be prone to doubt your story when I tell it.

Dan. But it's true, Fergus. If I only had the money, or knew where to get it —

Fergus. There! Why didn't I think of that before. I can help you to get it. And I will.

Dan. You will?

Fergus. There's my hand on it. [*They clasp hands.*]

Dan. It's a true man you are, Fergus Riordan. And I ask your pardon for the doubts I've had of you.

[*Voice of SHAUN heard singing "Lanigan's Ball" outside.*]

Fergus. There's that damned Shaun Aroon! [*Crosses r.*]

Enter SHAUN and LORD FERMOY, C. D.

Shaun (*singing, stops suddenly*). The Divil an' Fergus Rior-dan — both in the same skin!

Fergus. Well, what do you want?

Shaun (*to LORD F.*). I say, Andy, d'ye moind that now? The Divil is spakin' English!

Fergus. Answer me, fellow!

Shaun. Bedad, Andy, he calls ye *his* fellow. Have ye been sellin' yersilf to the Divil?

Lord F. (*assumed brogue*). Ah, hould yer whist now, Shaun.

Fergus (*angrily*). What — do — you — want?

Shaun. Luk at him shmile now — luk at him!

Fergus. You cursed bog-trotter! (*Rushes at SHAUN, who throttles him and forces him to his knees.*)

Shaun. Now would ye! Av it wasn't fer insooltin' me fist, how I'd spread thot nose all aver yer face.

Dan. Let him alone, Shaun!

Shaun. O, Mr. O'Grady, darlint, lave me jist choke him a bit; or hit him jist wance!

Lord F. (*warningly*). 'Sh! [SHAUN releases him.]

Fergus (*rising*). You shall hear from me, sir.

Shaun. Ah, ha! So I will — whin ye air in Dublin Castle wait-ing to be hung.

Fergus. Lord Fermoy shall be informed of this outrage at once.

Shaun (*aside to FERMOY*). Won't me Lord Fermoy be surprised?

Fergus. I have business here with Mr. O'Grady, and if you two bog-trotters don't get out, I'll have you thrown out.

Lord F. Faith we're goin'. We jist kim to ask av ye'd heard from this ould Fermoy lately, and av he's loikly to visit the castle.

Fergus. What's that to you?

Lord F. Oh — nothin' particular. Only I hear as how some o' the tinents do be complanin' av the hard treatment they git. An' they do say that his lordship has tould ye to be aisy wid' em, an' that ye trate 'em all the harder — an' — an' pocket the ixtra rent, bedad.

Fergus. It's a lie! Lord Fermoy is the tightest, stingiest land-lord in the Queen's Dominions. I do all I can for the poor tenants — making it as easy for them as possible. But Fermoy is a dissipated —

Lord F. Dissipated?

Fergus. Drunken —

Lord F. Eh?

Fergus. Broken down —

Lord F. The dev —

Shaun (*warningly*). 'Sh!

Fergus. — Miserable gambler. He is going to ruin at railroad

speed, and that is why, in spite of my prayers and entreaties, he crowds the poor tenants so hard.

Shaun (*aside to FERMOY*). Och, now! Av Lord Fermoy cud only hear that!

Lord F. What an awful scoundrel he must be! Faith, come out-doors, Shaun—I want to cool me hid.

Shaun. Can I sphake wid ye a minute, av ye plaze, Mr. O'Grady?

Fergus (*aside to DAN*). Refuse. We must close this matter. I can't wait.

Shaun. Well, sor?

Dan. I am busy now, Shaun, but shall be pleased to see you later on. Leave us now, please.

Shaun. All roight. (*Aside.*) Thare's some crooked work here—and Shaun Aroon is going to stop it. Come along, Andy.

[*Exit, with LORD F., C. D.*]

Fergus (*aside*). Curse the meddlesome fool!

Dan. You were saying that you could help me to get the other £100, were you not?

Fergus. Indeed, yes; and you can have the cash in your fist at any moment you please.

Dan. But who will furnish it?

Fergus. I will.

Dan. You?

Fergus. Yes—or I will make old Hennings loan you the funds.

Dan. He's an old Shylock. I'll not deal with such a sixty-per-cent old pirate.

[*Drinks.*]

Fergus. Nonsense, man! He is under obligations to me for the tidy bits of business that I have thrown in his way; so rest assured that he will treat a friend of mine fairly. What do you say, Daniel? He is out there in the tap-room now.

Dan. All right; call him in.

Fergus. He might feel insulted. The best way is to step out to the tap-room, make his acquaintance, and work the scheme up by degrees.

Dan. All right, Fergus; but I depend on you to transact the business, which isn't to my liking at all.

Fergus. Nor mine either; but I'll do anything in reason to oblige a friend, no matter how much it may annoy me—and to deal with men like Hennings is surely annoying. But come along, old friend.

Dan. From what I have heard of this Hennings, he will be a bitter pill to swallow. Still, if I can insure the future comfort and happiness of my family by taking this step—so be it. I care nothing for myself; but for their dear sakes I would go down in the dust before this money-lender, or even join arms with the greatest rascal unhung.

[*Takes FERGUS'S arm, and exeunt C. D.*]

Enter MOLLY and MAGGIE, L. U. E.

Molly. There! We will stop here until after the shower is over.

Maggie. How nice it sames to be back in dear ould Oirland again — don't it, miss?

Molly. Oh, yes — and yet I enjoyed myself very much in London.

Maggie. So did I, miss — espically on the days whin ye tuk yer moosic-lissons. Faix, it did me heart gud to see how ye awaited the professor's comin', espically the handsome young man, who kim wid him.

Molly. Hush!

Maggie. Such foine eyes as he had, an' such stoyle! An' niver a wance did he take his eyes aff yer face any days that he kim. An' I'm thinkin' —

Molly. That will do, Maggie.

Maggie. Yis, miss. Av coorse he's an Englishman —

Molly. He cannot help that.

Maggie. And an officer in the army —

Molly. All soldiers cannot be privates.

Maggie. Perhaps he's a lord or something.

Molly. He may be the King of the Cannibal Islands, for all we know. Ah, Maggie! Your heart is so full of love for Shaun Aroon that you want to marry all your friends off at sight.

Maggie. Bother Shaun Aroon! Here we've been home for wan whole day, and niver a sight have me two eyes had o' him. Shure, av he cared the weight av a fly's wing for me he'd be dancin' a jig for joy to see me back agin'.

Molly. Perhaps he is.

Maggie. Arra now, miss, don't ye belave that!

Enter SHAUN quietly, C. D., remaining up stage.

Maggie. Oh, the shwate litters he sent me whin we were in London — tellin' jist how he was dyin' for a sight o' me, an' that a kiss o' me ruby lips wud kape him aloive for a wake.

Shaun. So it would.

[Kisses her.]

Maggie. Shaun!

Shaun. That's wan wake. *(Kisses her.)* Thare's another. *(Kisses her.)* And another —

Maggie. Now, Shaun, behave.

Shaun. I was only gittin' a square male. It was starvin' I was.

Maggie. Don't ye see yer betthers?

Shaun *(bows to MOLLY).* Respects to ye, Miss O'Grady. Faith, ye have brought all the sunshine out av England wid ye, an' I'll bet ye walked ivery fut o' yer way on broken hearts, which wan flash av yer beautiful eyes wud knock into smithereens.

Molly. Shaun, your tongue has not lost its cunning.

Maggie. No, indade. Do ye know, Miss Molly, that mon nót only kissed the blarney sthone, but bit a whole big chunk out av it.

Shaun. Um — m! What a newspaper reporter-man ye'd make,

Maggie, whin ye can tell a thumper loike that, widout a gasp. I'll catch the nixt wan.

Maggie (*boxing his ears*) Thare's a thumper for ye thet'll make yer ears ring. [*Kisses her.*]

Shaun. Ring, is it? Faith, that's a regular prize-ring. But I say, Maggie, come along and see me new goods. The pack is in the room beyant. I've something thet'll make yer bonny blue eyes open.

[*Exeunt SHAUN and MAGGIE, C. D.*]

Molly. I wonder if I shall ever see him again? Out of sight, out of mind, they say. But that proverb is false, for he is never out of my mind. He said he loved me, and that I should see him when I little dreamed it. I wonder what he meant? I am sure that if he asked for my hand, father would not refuse — and (*naively*) I *know* I would not. Who can he be? Professor Monetti said he is an officer in the English army, and a gentleman of the highest standing. Then why this mystery?

Enter LORD FERMOY, C. D.

Lord F. Don't be frightened, miss. It's only mesilf.

Molly. Who are you?

Lord F. Don't ye moind me, miss? Shure, it's Bad Andy I om — who hilped your woid harum-scarum brother to git off -to America five years ago. Ye were a mere slip av a girl thin, growin' up to be a lovely, swate, and beautiful leddy as ye air.

Molly. I remember you now. And yet it seems as if I had seen you since that time. (*Regards him closely.*) I am sure of it! You are — you are — ha, ha, ha! O Captain Waters! I know you now in spite of that false beard and wig.

Lord F. 'Sh! (*Aside, natural tone.*) The devil! You cannot deceive a woman; especially one you are in love with.

Molly. What *are* you about, Captain —

Lord F. 'Sh! My dear Molly, you have penetrated a disguise which I thought perfect. I will tell you my secret. I am here looking after the interests of Lord Fermoy. He rightly suspects his agent, Riordan, of ill-treating his tenants, and I am to investigate the matter. This is in confidence, you know.

Molly. Then Lord Fermoy is not quite such a brute as we imagined?

Lord F. Well — I hope not — quite.

Molly. It is strange we never see him here. I believe that Mr. Riordan and Shaun Aroon are the only people in these parts who have ever met him.

Lord F. There you are mistaken. Lord Fermoy has met a beautiful Irish girl, from the shores of the sweet Blackwater, and has tumbled head over ears in love with her with all an Irishman's impetuosity.

Molly. But Lord Fermoy is English.

Lord F. By birth only. His heart is with the Irish — it is in

Ireland at this moment — and (*imitating*) he kin take the brogue as aisy as an Irishman takes a sup o' potheen, bedad.

Molly. You must know him well.

Lord F. Certainly I do, for I was with him in Africa every day during the past five years.

Molly. I hope he will visit Fermoy Castle soon, and get acquainted with his tenants.

Lord F. He certainly will. Where his heart is, there will he be.

Molly. And Lord Fermoy is really in love with an Irish girl? It must be Lady Carolan.

Lord F. You are mistaken there, Molly. The future Lady Fermoy is one of the people — the daughter of a plain Irish farmer.

Molly. Impossible!

Lord F. Not at all. Fermoy believes that "rank's but the guinea's stamp;" and if he can win the girl, I say he is a lucky fellow.

Molly. Does he really love her?

Lord F. (*tenderly*). As much as I love you, Molly, and that is more than tongue can tell.

Molly (*looks into his face; then laughs*). Ha, ha, ha!

Lord F. Well, I'll be —

Molly. If you could only see how funny you look, making love in that horrid great wig and beard!

Lord F. (*aside*). Oh, damn the wig and beard!

Molly. Hush! Some one is coming.

Lord F. Then I'll leave you. (*Resumes brogue.*) Yis, miss, I think I saw him. I'll go an' see for sure.

Enter FERGUS, C. D. *He does not see LORD FERMOY.*

Fergus (*aside*). I've got the old man fast in my clutches. (*Aloud.*) Good-morning to you, Miss O'Grady. Delighted to welcome you back to — [*Offers hand.*]

Lord F. (*comes between them, taking his hand*). An' it's jist dyin' she was to see ye. (*Shakes FERGUS's hand violently between each of the following words.*) Ye — ould — bilious — murderin' — sneakin' — crawlin' — wretched viper! (*Hurls FERGUS across stage and exit C. D.*)

Molly. Are you hurt, Mr. Riordan?

Fergus. Yes. He smashed my hand to a jelly. But I'll be the death of that sod of turf.

Molly. I am sorry that he hurt you.

Fergus. Ah, but that is nothing compared to the hurt that you have given me.

Molly (*surprised*). I?

Fergus. Yes. In my heart, which lies bleeding at your feet, and which you alone can —

Molly (*indignantly*). Mr. Riordan! You forget yourself!
[Crosses.]

Fergus. Is it a sin, then, to love you? If so, I cry your mercy.

Molly. Never dare speak of love to me, Fergus Riordan. It is an insult. You know what our people think of men like you — men who grind down the poor tenants, and then, coward-like, shift the blame upon the landlords.

Fergus. Miss O'Grady!

Molly. Stand aside! I loathe and despise you and your whole breed of curs. [Goes towards R. 1 E.]

Fergus (*raising fist*). By Heavens, I've a mind to strike you!

Enter SHAUN, *quickly*, C. D.

Shaun (*hurls FERGUS to floor C., and places one foot on him*). Have ye, though? An' I have a moind to kick the stuffin' out o' ye — ye low-lived, contemptible cur!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene. — *Sitting-room at O'GRADY'S, in 3d grooves. Comfortably furnished. Doors R. in flat and L. 2 E. Table and chairs R. front. Chair L. front. Discover MRS. O'GRADY and MOLLY seated R.*

Molly. Why, mother dear, what is the matter? You seem blue to-night.

Mrs. O'Grady. I am very sad, my child. Things have gone badly with us ever since your father got into debt in order to accommodate Lord Fermoy. And a precious rascal he must be. Just to think, after all that your father did, he has not even renewed the lease!

Molly. I sometimes doubt that Lord Fermoy ever received the money, or that he knows anything about the lease.

Mrs. O'G. Why so?

Molly. For several reasons. I am satisfied that Fergus Riordan is a scoundrel, whose apparent friendship is all a sham. And from words dropped now and then by Shaun, I am led to believe that Lord Fermoy is neither a spendthrift nor a gambler. If he were, I am sure that a gentleman like Captain Waters would not associate with him.

Mrs. O'G. Captain Waters? Ah, Molly, my child, I am afraid that you left your heart behind you in old England.

Molly. Did I? Oh, no (*hand on heart*); here it is, beating loyally as ever for poor old Ireland.

Mrs. O'G. Spoken like a true daughter of Erin. But, Molly bawn, why are you so bitter towards Fergus?

Molly. I will tell you, mother, but you must never let father know.

Mrs. O'G. Well?

Molly. Six months ago that man dared to speak of love to me. I gave him a piece of my mind then which I thought would silence him. It did for a time; but yesterday, when I was out riding, he overtook me and again broached the subject. I told him to be off or I would lay my riding-whip over his shoulders. He left, muttering something about bringing me to terms.

Mrs. O'G. Oh, the scoundrel! I wish that —

Molly. Hush! I hear father coming. Now, remember — say nothing to him.

Enter DANIEL, D. F. Pauses.

Mrs. O'G. Dan O'Grady, what ails ye, man?

Dan. Molly, child, leave us for a bit. I want to speak to your mother alone.

Molly. Yes, father. (*Goes L. Aside.*) What can be the matter? (*Goes to DAN quickly and kisses him.*) Dear father, don't be down-hearted. Whatever has happened, mother and I will not complain.

Dan. God bless you, my colleen! You are like a stray sunbeam on a cloudy day, shining through the gloom. But there — leave us now. You may return shortly. [*Sits at table.*]

Molly. Very well. (*Goes L. Aside.*) That Riordan is at the bottom of this. Oh, I wish I were a man long enough to thrash him! [*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Mrs. O'G. (*kneeling beside DAN*). Now, husband, what is it?

Dan. Well, mother, the end has come. Lord Fermoy will not renew the lease, and we may be turned out at any moment.

Mrs. O'G. The heartless wretch!

Dan. And worse than that, the note I gave to Hennings, on the strength of having our leasehold renewed, has fallen due and must be paid.

Mrs. O'G. Surely he will give you a little time!

Dan. Not an hour. The note has already gone to protest.

Mrs. O'G. What is the amount?

Dan. One hundred pounds; and I haven't ten to my name. The crops promise a big yield, and all would be well had I the lease. When I think of that lordly villain lounging in his swell London club, my fingers fairly itch to get at him.

Mrs. O'G. Have patience, Dan. Supposing that he should be innocent of all this?

Dan. Supposing the Devil went to church! [*Both rise.*]

Mrs. O'G. Nonsense! But what if Fergus Riordan should be playing you false?

Dan (*hotly*). If he were — if he were! Oh, I'd shake the dirty scoundrel out of his skin!

Enter MOLLY, *quickly*, L. 2 E.

Molly (*frightened*). Father! Father! There's a man climbing in at my window!

Dan. Is there, indeed! Let me get at him once. I'm spoiling for a fight. [*Starts L.*]

Enter TOM, *quickly*, L. 2 E.

Tom. That's all right, only don't fight me, dad.

Dan. Tom! [*They clasp hands.*]

Tom. Surprised, aren't you? Ah, mother! (*Kisses her.*) Not a bit changed.

Mrs. O'G. Don't forget Molly.

Tom. Eh? Molly? (*Turns to her.*) Is this Molly? Faith, I'd never have known you. (*Kisses her.*) Then it was your room I came tumbling into!

Molly. Yes, indeed; and you scared me half to death.

Tom. The other half is very much alive, anyhow.

Dan. When did you arrive?

Mrs. O'G. Aren't you hungry?

Tom. At Queenstown this morning. (*Turns to MRS. O'G.*) Yes; I'm half famished.

Mrs. O'G. Poor boy! I'll prepare you some luncheon.

[*Exit, D. F.*]

Tom. Well, father, how goes it with you?

Dan. Badly, my son. Everything is going to the dogs.

Tom. I'm sorry to hear it. I tell you what, father, you had better sell out and return to America with me. That's the only country on God's green earth where a poor man has a chance.

Dan. No doubt you are right, my son, but there is no occasion for me to sell out. They will do that for me fast enough.

Tom. What?

Dan. It's a fact, my boy. Molly, child, will you take a look down the road? I don't want to be surprised.

Molly. Yes, father. [*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Tom. Surprised? What do you mean, father?

Dan. I mean that we are liable to be turned out of our home at any time. Riordan tells me that Lord Fermoy has refused to renew my lease, so I suppose there is no help for it. And, Tom, my boy, you are not safe here. That outrageous charge against you of shooting at Riordan —

Tom. Pity it wasn't true. If I *had* shot at him, there would be one snake less in Ireland.

MOLLY *appears at L. 2 E.*

Molly. Father, father! Hennings is coming up the walk.

Dan. Let him come. (*Exit MOLLY, L. 2 E.*) But you must keep out of sight for the present. Come this way. [*Goes L.*

Tom. Let me stay and thump the fellow.

Dan (*dryly*). If there is any thumping to be done, your old father can attend to it. Come. [*Exit, L. 2 E.*

Tom. All right. But I'll punch Riordan's head before I leave. [*Exit, L. 2 E. At same moment*

Enter FERGUS, D. F.

Fer. Will you now? I'm sure I'm much obliged for your kind intentions, master Tom. So he's back again. Good! I've a way now to bring his proud sister to terms, and I'll do it too. (*At D. F.*) Hennings! Come in.

Enter HENNINGS, D. F.

Hen. Here I am, Fergus. Are you ready?

Fer. Not yet, you old Shylock. Don't be in such haste to put on the screws, you infernal old hundred per cent.

Hen. Hundred per cent! And I never charge over seventy-five.

Fer. Is Nipper here?

Hen. He's waiting outside.

Fer. I want to speak to him. Wait here a moment.

[*Exit, D. F.*

Hen. So this is the home of one of the highly respectable tenants — who can't pay his debts. A carpet on the floor! There's extravagance for you! I haven't any carpets on *my* floors. And an easy-chair! More extravagance! The idea of an Irish farmer having easy-chairs! And what is this? (*At table.*) As I live, a volume of poetry! This is ruinous! Books! I haven't any books. I never waste time nor money over books. There ought to be a law against it.

Enter FERGUS, D. F.

Fer. Step outside, will you, Hennings. I want to see these people in private.

Hen. Very well, Fergus. (*Goes up; pauses at D. F.*) What a beautiful way he has of ordering me about. If there wasn't money in it, wouldn't I —

Fer. Get out!

Hen. I'm gone.

[*Exit, D. F.*

Fer. Now to see this proud beggar and bring her to terms. I'll just say to her —

Enter MOLLY, L. 2 E.

Good-evening, Miss O'Grady.

Molly. Well, sir, what is it?

Fer. A fine evening, I'm thinking.

Molly. Then you'd better go out and enjoy it.

Fer. Thank you, but it is much pleasanter in here.

Molly. If you are going to remain, I will call my father.

Fer. Quite unnecessary. I want to talk to you.

Molly. But *I do not* wish to talk with *you*.

Fer. I see. Perhaps you'd rather converse with the visitor in yonder.

Molly (*startled*). The visitor?

Fer. To be sure. I saw him climb in at your window a half-hour ago.

Molly (*aside*). Can he suspect?

Fer. Won't you sit down, Miss O'Grady?

Molly. No; I will not. I prefer to stand, in your presence.

Fer. You honor me too much. If you don't object, I'll sit. (*Sits R.*) I can talk so much easier.

Molly. Well, what have you to say? Be quick!

Fer. Tut, tut. Don't be in such haste. I want to talk in a sociable, friendly way about your future prospects. You know Lord Fermoy will not renew your father's lease —

Molly. I know you say so, but that is no proof.

Fer. Do you doubt my honor?

Molly. Your honor — *your* honor? I doubt that you ever had any. [*Goes up R.*]

Fer. (*springing up*). Have a care, my lady! There's a limit even to my patience. Goad me further, and, by Heaven, I'll —

Molly. So you are beginning to threaten. Good-evening.

[*Exit, D. F.*]

Fer. (L.). Stop, I say — stop! [*Goes up as*]

Enter SHAUN, D. F.

Shaun. I have stopped. Now, what is it?

Fer. Stand aside, fellow.

Shaun. Eh?

Fer. Let me pass.

Shaun. Ah, ye want to go out o' the dure, eh? Why didn't ye say so? Thare ye go. (*Flings FERGUS out, D. F.*) I always loike to be accommodating, bedad. (*At D. F.*) Av ye air not satisfied, come back an' I'll throw ye out again.

Enter MAGGIE, D. F.

Mag. Will ye, now?

Shaun. Och, Maggie, I was talkin' to the Divil, an' I niver dramed an angel was so near.

Mag. O Shaun, it's glad I am to see ye! We're in such trouble here.

Shaun. Trouble, darlin' — an' what is it? Begorry, av it's that viper Riordan, jist say the word an' I'll drive his head in the mud, out o' sight.

Mag. Be aisy now. It would do no good to insoolt the mud in that way. The trouble is bekase Lord Fermoy — bad cess to him — won't renew the layse, and poor ould Dan has got to lave the farm.

Shaun. The divil he has! An' who tould ye that?

Mag. Riordan said so, an' he's me lord's agent.

Shaun. Riordan's the biggest (*aside*) — be careful, Shaun, me bye; don't let yer tongue run away wid ye. As I was sayin', darlin', Riordan is the biggest rascal in the country. Still, as Lord Fermoy's agent, I suppose he kin do as he loikes.

Mag. (*crying*). An' what will become av us? Whare shall I go? I've niver a place in all the wide world to lay me hid.

Shaun. But ye have though.

Mag. Where?

Shaun. Here. (*Draws MAGGIE'S head to his breast.*) An' whin me arms are about ye, darlin', I defy the Divil himsilf to harrum ye.

Mag. O Shaun!

Shaun (*kisses her*). It's all roight. We'll get married to-morrow, an' may the Ould Nick fly away wid Riordan. [*Song.*

Mag. But the others, Shaun? Ye can't marry the whole family.

Shaun. Well — no. That would be bigamy, an' I don't care to run agin the law. But I do be thinkin' that Lord Fermoy may be induced to change his moind.

Mag. What makes ye think that?

Shaun. What makes me? Bekase he tould me he niver intended to — (*Aside.*) Aisy, aisy; begorry, I can't open me mouth widout puttin' me fut in it.

Mag. Luk here, Shaun, thare's a mystery here. I want to know what ye mane by mumblin' away to yersilf.

Shaun. Why, darlin', I mane that Lord Fermoy is a foine gentleman, who is in love wid — that is to say, Riordan is an infernal scoundrel, an' I — an' you — an' we — oh, lord, darlin', I have such a toothache in me jaw!

Mag. It's yer conscience that's aching, I think. Ye're decavin' me, Shaun Aroon.

Shaun. Decavin' ye, darlin' — on me word an' cross me heart three times.

Mag. What is it?

Shaun. Why, darlin' — I — ye see —

Mag. (*stamps*). What is it?

Shaun (*limping*). It's a bunion — bother yer big fate.

Mag. (*indignantly*). Me fate are not big, ye owadbaun! Take that fer yer impudence! [*Slaps him, and runs off, D. F.*

Shaun. Murderation! Her hand isn't big ayther, but I belave it weighs a ton or two. Is me jaw-bone splintered, I dunno?

Enter DAN, L. 2 E.

Dan. Shaun! What lucky wind blew you hither? You are indeed the very man I wished to see.

Shaun. Then it's glad I am that I came ; but faith, sor, I'm sorry to see you luckin' so downcast.

Dan. Trouble is a heavy burden, and it bows down the best of us.

Shaun. Ye've had yer share of it too, sor ; but thare will soon be an ind to it all.

Dan. An end ?

Shaun. That thare will, sor ; belave me fer spakin' the truth, an' ax me no questions.

Dan. I hope you are right, Shaun, but I am sore afraid that the worst has not yet come. But listen (*cautiously*), I have a secret for you.

Shaun (*aside*). Another sacret ! Bedad, Father Marony will be gettin' jealous av this thing kapes up. [*Goes up.*]

Dan (*down c.*). Shaun, Tom has returned.

Shaun. Returned ? The divil he has ! Whin did he ?

Dan. To-day.

Shaun. Is he here ? Where is he ? — tell me quick ! I want to get me two hands onto him.

Dan. He's in yonder (*points L.*) ; speak low, we don't know who may be spyin' about.

Shaun. All roight — I'll not whisper above me breath. Oh, the young divil ! To come home an' not let me know !

[*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Dan. Thank Heaven there is one true friend who will stand by us through thick and thin.

Enter FERGUS, D. F.

Fer. Yes, Dan, and here's another.

Dan. Perhaps so, Fergus, but I'm sorry I can't believe you. But sit down, man — sit down. [*They sit.*]

Fer. Some one has poisoned your mind against me, Dan O'Grady, or you have no better friend in all Ireland than myself.

Dan. If that be so, Fergus, then your friendship has been of little avail.

Fer. Because Lord Fermoy would not renew your lease ? That was no fault of mine, Dan. I did the best I could. But some one bore word to him that you doubted my friendship, and also had spoken lightly of him. Naturally enough, that angered him. Now, if you will only forego your doubts of me and accept my friendship as freely as it is offered, I'll guarantee to bring him around ; and furthermore, I'll square accounts with old Hennings, so that he'll trouble you no more.

Dan. You will ? Then we are friends indeed, and there's my hand on it.

Fer. Thank you, Dan. I'll attend to these matters at once. And now while I'm about it, I would like to speak of a subject that has been on my mind for a long time.

Dan. Well, what is it ?

Fer. It's — it's —

Dan. Don't fidget about so. Speak out, man.

Fer. It's your daughter Molly.

Dan. What of her?

Fer. Well, you see, sir, she has grown up to be a fine, handsome girl, worthy of the best man in the land. I am not worthy of her, I know, but I love her truly, and would do all in my power to make her happy.

Dan (*rising*). You! (*Aside.*) Oh, the impudent dog!

Fer. I am aware that I have neither youth nor good looks to influence her, but I am well-to-do; and a word from you —

Dan. Stop! You ask me to influence my child's heart, and I tell you no! I'll see you hanged first! [*Crosses.*]

Fer. But if you —

Dan. Silence! I'll call her in, and she shall decide for herself. (*At D. F.*) Molly, Molly child! Come here.

Enter MOLLY, D. F.

Mol. What is it, father?

[*Comes down L.*]

Dan (*C.*). Look at this man. (*FERGUS is R. front.*) He has made you the best offer that man can make to woman.

Mol. An offer?

Dan. He has offered you his hand and his heart. (*Aside.*) If he's got such a thing.

Mol. He has?

Fer. (*aside*). I expect I'll catch the devil.

Dan. Indeed, he has. Now what do you say — yes or no?

Mol. Do you wish —

Dan. I wish nothing except that you speak out boldly, without fear or favor.

Mol. Shall I say what I think?

Dan. Exactly.

Fer. (*aside*). It's coming now.

Mol. Then I say *no*!

Dan. Good!

Fer. (*aside*). I don't see it.

Mol. Sooner than marry him, I would hang myself or jump into the Blackwater Run with a stone fastened to my throat. [*Goes up.*]

Dan. My own sentiments. Did you hear that, Fergus?

Fer. (*sullenly*). Yes, I heard.

Dan. Then you have my answer. She speaks for both. And it is my impression that the answer is slightly in the negative.

Fer. (*hotly*). Do you think this a laughing matter, Dan O'Grady?

Dan. Surely, now, you don't suppose I would look at it seriously?

Fer. Perhaps you think it's all a joke. (*Goes up. DAN goes down R., MOLLY L.*) You imagine, perhaps, that I was not in earnest, and that I enjoy being held up to ridicule. I have endured

your sneers and insults, Dan O'Grady, and have tried to be your friend because I loved your daughter. But that love has changed to hate, and now, curse you, it's my turn.

Dan. It will be my turn to break your head if you don't get out.

Fer. I'll go, but you'll see me back soon, and in a way you little expect. [Exit, D. F.]

Mol. Thank Heaven, he's gone!

Dan. And lucky it is for him.

Mol. We have made him our enemy.

Dan. So be it.

Mol. What do you think he will do?

Dan. I neither know nor care. He may turn us out, child, and the old home where you and I were born may be lost to us forever. But my honor he cannot touch, and my good name is my own in spite of all the sneaking agents in Ireland.

Mol. But what if he knew that Tom had returned?

Dan. Tut—tut, child! Don't borrow trouble. He knows nothing of the lad's arrival; and we must get Tom away from here as quickly as possible.

Mol. Don't delay, father—have him go at once. I have a strange presentiment of evil, as if some terrible danger were hanging over us.

Enter SHAUN and TOM, L. 2 E.

Shaun. Now, me bye, I think ye bettther lie low; that is, roost high—for a toime. That divil av a Fergus is always pryin' about, and av he larns ye air here, thare's no tellin' what he moight do.

Tom. Shaun, old friend, I suppose you are right; but I hate to go sneaking about like a hunted criminal.

Dan. Caution, lad, caution. Remember that you are in poor, down-trodden Ireland now, and not in free America. You are not the first brave son of the Green Isle that has had to thank Heaven for the mantle of darkness that lets ye escape from cowardly oppression.

Shaun. It's roight ye air, sor; but thare's a day comin' whin the sons av ould Ireland can luk the whole world in the face an' say, "Knock a chip aff me shoulder av ye dare!"

Tom (*slaps his back*). Good for you, Shaun!

Shaun (*rubs shoulder*). That's all roight, Tom, but jist remember that I haven't any chip on me own shoulder.

Mol. Brother, you *must* go. Every moment is precious, for every moment increases your danger.

Tom. My danger, little one? Oh, come now, don't be frightened at shadows.

Mol. But you don't know, Tom—you don't understand—

Dan. She is right, lad; she's right. Keep under cover for a while, and perhaps we can disprove that charge against you.

Tom. Where shall I go?

Shaun. Don't frit about that, me jewel. Begorry, I'll hide ye so nate that the Divil himsilf couldn't find ye wid a search-warrant.

Enter MRS. O'GRADY, *hurriedly*, D. F.

Mrs. O'G. O Dan, Dan, hide Tom quick! The officers are here!

Tom. They'll never take me alive!

Shaun. Aisy, lad — kape cool. Come — we'll slip out o' the dure, across the *bohereen* where the Ould Nick himsilf can't foind us.
[*They go up.*]

Enter FERGUS, HENNINGS, NIPPER, and LORD FERMOY, D. F.

Fer. Stop! Officer, there's your man. Arrest him!

Tom. Not until I've settled with you! (*Springs upon FERGUS, throttles him, and forces him to his knees. LORD FERMOY and SHAUN rescue FERGUS.*)

Lord F. Begorry, man, don't soil yer hands wid the blood av such a *bonneen*. [*FERGUS staggers down R.*]

Tom (*struggling*). Let me get at him!

Lord F. Aisy now. Lave him to me.

[*TOM and NIPPER go up R.*]

Mol. (*aside*). He here? What can it mean?

Fer. (*with concentrated rage*). You shall pay dearly for this! Dan O'Grady, you're evicted. Hennings, give him the writ.

Dan (*takes and tears paper*). That for your writ! [*Down L.*]

Mol. O brother, brother! (*Faints and falls C.* FERGUS *steps forward to raise her.*)

Shaun. Stand back, ye whelp, or I'll brain ye!

POSITIONS.

(*Front.*)

L. DAN.

FERGUS. R.

MRS. O'GRADY. LORD F.

SHAUN.

MOLLY.

HENNINGS.

TOM.

NIPPER (*at back*).

(*Flat.*)

ACT. DROP.

ACT III.

Scene. — Room in CASTLE FERMOY, in 4th grooves. Arch C. in flat, draped with curtains. Doors R. U. E. and L. U. E. Large screen up R., near flat. Small table L. front. Chairs R. and L. All furniture rich and heavy.

Enter PATRICK, C.

Pat (*speaking as he enters*). All roight, sor, all roight. (*Comes down.*) 'The ould limb o' Satan! I'll be sure to do jist what he tells me not to. Faix, but it's a rise I've had in the world. From an under-servant in a public-house to an upper-servant in Castle Fermoy. (*Sits.*) What does it all mane, I dunno? First, there came a letther from Lord Fermoy appointin' me to this position, an' thin a friendly tip from Bad Andy, tellin' me that me sole duty was to kape me eye on Fergus Riordan. I wish I knew what it all mint at all, at all. Be jabers, I'm gettin' cross-eyed, watchin' that slippery cuss! An' who the mischief is Bad Andy, onyhow? That gets me. Well, no matther. (*Picks up newspaper.*) I've kipt me eye on Fergus, an' it's a thing or two I've found out, I'm thinkin'.

[*Reads.*]

Enter MAGGIE, C.

Mag. Thare's that Pat! Talk about yer impudence! See him sittin' thare radin' a noospaper loike the lord av the castle. (*Calls.*) Waiter! Waiter!

Pat (*springs up*). Comin', sor, comin'.

Mag. Ha! ha! ha! It isn't so aisy to forget yer ould callin', is it now, Patsy?

Pat (*throws down paper*). Lave go yer tongue. Is that the way to spake to a gintleman?

Mag. A gintleman? Oh, murther! What a long tail our cat's got.

Pat. Well, what do ye want?

Mag. I axes yer lordship's pardon. (*Courtesies.*) An' wud yer lordship be kind enough to inform a poor girl — av yer lordship be so inclined — whether yer lordship —

Pat. Oh, divil take yer lordshippin'! Me name is Pat, as ye know very well.

Mag. Is it? Well, well, well! How air ye, Pat?

Pat. Stop yer colloquin', now, or talk sinse.

Mag. Ah, thin, perhaps ye cud till me av Lord Fermoy be here

Pat. Perhaps I could.

Mag. Well?

Pat. Well?

Mag. Air ye foolish or gan crazy? Answer me question. *I — he — here?*

Pat. *No — he — is — not!*

Enter FERGUS, L. U. E.

Fer. Here, you! What's all this row about?

Mag. *(aside)*. Och, murther! The Divil himsilf!

Fer. Well, are you stricken dumb? What do you want?

Mag. Plaze, sor, I — I came here —

Fer. I see you did. Well?

Mag. I — I came here to spake —

Fer. Well, blockhead! why don't you speak?

Mag. *(defiantly)*. Blockhead! Do you know who ye air insooltin', ye thafe o' the world?

Fer. Look here, young woman —

Mag. Blockhead, indade! *(Follows FERGUS, who backs towards L. U. E.)* Ye mane, lyin', thavin', sneakin', low-lived, dirthy shnake-in-the-grass! *(At the last word she seizes FERGUS and bangs him into chair near L. U. E.)* Blockhead, am I? *(Shakes him.)* Am I? *(Shake.)* Am I? *(Shake.)*

Fer. *(half rising)*. Murder! Help!

Mag. *(forcing him down again)*. Sit down! Don't flatther yersilf that anybody would murder such a wretched bein'. *(At c.)* Faith, ye're not worth hangin' for. [Exit, c.]

Pat *(aside)*. Hooray fer Maggie!

Fer. Patrick!

Pat. Sor?

Fer. *(faintly)*. Is she gone?

Pat. Yis, sor. Shall I call her back?

Fer. *(rising)*. Call her back? No, indeed. But I'll send an officer to arrest the she-divil, for assault.

Pat. An' have the whole county laughin' at ye?

Fer. There's something in that. Well, see that she never enters this house again. I'd rather face a tiger.

Pat. Ould Hennings was here a bit agone.

Fer. Who the divil did he want?

Pat. He wanted you, sor. *(Goes up c.)* Yis, sor. An' here he comes agin now.

Enter HENNINGS, C.

Fer. Pat!

Pat. Yis, sor.

Fer. Get out.

Pat. Yis, sor.

[Exit, c.]

Fer. (*seated at table*). Well, what do *you* want?

Hen. (*down R.*). What do I want? Sure, you ought to know.

Enter LORD FERMOY, *still disguised*. *He hides behind screen.*

Fer. If you want anything, speak out.

Hen. Then, in plain English, I want money.

Fer. Oh, do you indeed?

Hen. Yes, I do indeed. I want the hundred pounds on that note, Fergus Riordan, the hundred pounds which you pretended to send Lord Fermoy. And I want the other hundred pounds which you promised me for firing that shot —

Fer. (*rising*). Hush!

Hen. (*not heeding him*). — for firing that shot which you laid to Om O'Grady.

Fer. Be quiet, or I'll strangle you.

Hen. (*draws pistol*). Stand back! I'm prepared for you.

Lord F. (*looking out*). Good for Hennings.

Fer. What's that!

Hen. What's what?

Fer. I heard something.

Hen. It's the beating of your own cowardly heart, I'm thinking.

Fer. You can put up your pistol, Mr. Hennings. Money, money, money! Do you think I'm made of gold?

Hen. No; but I think your pockets are well lined with money that you have wrung from the poor tenants and stolen from Lord Fermoy.

Fer. What!

Hen. (*aims pistol*). Stand back, I say.

Fer. You're a nice one to prate of honesty, you old Shylock!

Hen. I may be a Shylock but I've got my money in the light of day — not like a thief in the night.

Fer. And no doubt your conscience is too tender to handle any of my money; so it's not a penny-piece you'll get from me.

Hen. Then I get nothing?

Fer. Yes; you can get something.

Hen. What?

Fer. Get out.

Hen. Very well, Mr. Riordan, very well. I'm not sorry to be well rid of you. Keep your money, keep it, keep it; I'll find other ways to square accounts with you. [Exit, c.

Fer. I suppose that he will try to make trouble now, bad luck to him! But, after all, why should I care? He can prove nothing.

Lord F. (*advancing*). Air ye sure o' that now, Fergus?

Fer. Eh? you here?

Lord F. Bedad, sure, I think I am.

Fer. And you have heard —

Lord F. I heard ye say that nothin' could be proved agin ye.

Fer. (*aside*). He knows nothing. (*Calls.*) Patrick, I say, Patrick!

Enter PAT, c.

Pat. I heard ye say it.

Fer. Show this fellow out.

Lord F. Oh, no, he won't.

Pat. Oh, no, I won't.

Fer. Show him out, I tell you.

Pat. I can't, sor. He won't be shown.

Fer. (*taking whip from table*). I'll show him. Now be off, you bog-trotter, or I'll give you a taste of this.

Lord F. It's foolin' ye air. Sure, now, ye wouldn't be afther strikin' a poor man loike me.

Fer. You'll find out! [*Rushes at FERMOY and strikes.*]

Lord F. (*wrenches whip away*). Not to-day, me chickin'.

Fer. Call the servants and eject this fellow.

Lord F. Pat, me bye, remain whare ye air. Now, Mr. Riordan! Ye've made the poor tinants dance to your music these many long days. I think ye nade a bit av exercise; so jist ye dance fer us now.

Fer. You infernal, low-lived —

Lord F. Dance!

Fer. I'll put the law on ye, and —

Lord F. (*cuts him with whip*). Dance!

Fer. Oh! Just you let me —

Lord F. (*cuts him again*). Dance, ye knave! Dance, or I'll cut ye into fiddle-strings!

Fer. Oh! [*Begins to dance slowly.*]

Lord F. (*cracks whip*). Livelier, livelier! Bate toime fer him, Pat.

Pat. I will that. [*Beats time with hands and foot.*]

Lord F. Cut 'er down, ye ould viper, cut 'er down! Faster, Pat, faster! A jig, a jig! Kape it up, now, kape it up. Ye're doin' nobly, begorry! Isn't he iligant? Luk at the turn av his fate! (*Cracks whip.*) Faster, ye ould divil! Luk at him smoile! What a beautiful countenance he has, bedad! (*FERGUS falls exhausted into chair.*) Done up, air ye, Mister Riordan? Ye've larned a lesson, I'm thinkin'. Next toime ye won't be so free wid yer whip. Put that in your pipe an' shmoke it. [*Exit, c.*]

Pat (*aside*). Mr. Riordan is catchin' it hot an' heavy this day.

Fer. Patrick!

Pat. Yis, sor.

Fer. Turn me a glass of wine.

Pat. Yis, sor. (*Fills glass from decanter. Aside.*) I hope it will choke ye.

Fer. What did you say?

Pat. I said I hope he didn't hurt ye.

[*FERGUS drinks.*]

Fer. Help me up, Patrick.

Enter NIPPER, *with letter, c.*

Pat. Yis, sor.

Nip. A letter for you, Mr. Riordan.

Pat. All roight. [*Drops FERGUS, who falls heavily into chair.*

Fer. You clumsy brute! [PAT takes letter.

Pat. I fergot, sor. Here's the letther.

Fer. (*takes letter*). Nipper, if that scoundrel, Bad Andy, is about, I want you to arrest him at once, for assault.

Nip. Yes, sir.

Pat (*aside to NIPPER*). Ye betther not.

Nip. Why not?

Pat. Ax no questions, but moind yer eye.

Fer. (*reads aloud*). "I may arrive at the Castle at any time. If there are any cases requiring my attention, have them ready for immediate examination. Signed 'Fermoy.'" Curse the luck! What ill-wind blows him here? Well, I'll have revenge on O'Grady, anyhow. Fermoy is a magistrate, and he must commit the young upstart on my testimony. Nipper, come here.

Nip. (*comes down*). Well, what is it?

Fer. Lord Fermoy will be here shortly. Bring young O'Grady here at once.

Nip. All right.

[*Goes up.*

Fer. And Nipper —

Nip. Well?

Fer. Be sure that he is securely ironed. And, moreover, remember what I said about arresting that infernal Andy.

Nip. Humph! All right.

[Exit, c.

Fer. Pat, your arm.

Pat. What?

Fer. Give me your arm.

Pat. Indade, I'll not. I have only two, an' sure I'll not give away aither wan o' thim.

Fer. You idiot! (PAT assists him to rise, and supports him towards L. U. E.) I'm going to my room. You may call me when any one arrives.

[Exeunt, L. U. E.

Enter DAN, MOLLY, and MRS. O'GRADY, c.

Dan. There, child, to satisfy you we've come here. If it be true that Lord Fermoy arrives to-day, it will do us no good — mark my words.

Mrs. O'G. Don't be too sure, Dan. These grand people cannot all be entirely heartless.

Dan. You have more faith in them than I have. They're all alike. They will do no dirty work themselves, but they are quite willing to have some hardened wretch do it for them. What is it to Lord Fermoy that I was born and brought up on the old farm —

that I have labored day after day to improve it, until now it is worth double what it was in my boyhood? He cares naught, I tell you, for he gets the benefit of my labor. And now in my old age he will not lift a finger to prevent his agent from venting a petty spite upon me — nay, nor to save my boy from the damnable charge they have trumped up against him. Oh, when I think of the burdens placed upon the poor tenants by these kid-glove aristocrats, I feel like cursing the whole tribe!

Mol. Father, father, don't speak like that!

Mrs. O'G. Have patience, Dan.

Dan. Patience? Patience? Have I not had patience all my life? Have I not always stood for law and order? When the crops failed and famine swept over this unhappy land, have I not hungered without a murmur? And this, then, is my reward! Don't talk to me of patience! [Crosses.]

Enter PAT, L. U. E.

Pat. Good-avening, sure, an' long loife to ye.

Mol. Has your master arrived yet?

Pat. No, miss; but I do be thinkin' he'll soon be here. An' have ye heard the news?

Dan. Of what?

Pat. Shaun and Bad Andy have been arrested.

All. Arrested?

Pat. That they have, worse luck!

Dan. By whose orders?

Pat. (*points L.*). The ould Imp o' Darkness in yonder. I suppose I'll be jugged mesilf on gineral principles. But I hear some one comin'. Won't ye plaze step into the nixt room for a bit?

Dan (*going R. with MRS. O'G.*). Let me know when his lordship arrives. [Exit, R. U. E., with MRS. O'GRADY.]

Mol. You say that Bad Andy is arrested?

Pat. Yis, miss; but I think it's nothin' serious.

Mol. If he comes here, let me know.

[Exit, R. U. E.]

Pat. That I will, miss.

Enter LORD FERMOY and SHAUN, C.

Shaun. Aren't ye ashamed now, to be walkin' alongside av a prisoner?

Lord F. That I am. Bedad, though, we're both in the same boat. Faith, now, Shaun, what do ye think they'll be doin' wid us?

Shaun. I'm thinkin' we'll both be hung.

Lord F. Or transported for loife.

Pat. Oh, lord, now, ye don't mane it?

Shaun. Is it you, Pat?

Pat. Yis, indade. And is this Lord Fermoy such a villain as to let any ill befall ye? Och, how I wish the *omadhaun* was here now.

Shaun. An' what would ye be doin' av he wor?

Pat. Doin', is it? (*Pulls up sleeves.*) Doin'? It's the weight o' me fist he'd be gettin' on his ugly mug befoor sendin' yez out o' the country.

Shaun (*to LORD F.*). Do ye moind that now, Andy?

Lord F. Indade, I do. I'm thinkin' Fermoy will find himsilf in hot wather av there is any dirty work here.

Pat. I'll give him a bit o' me moind, onyhow. But shall I tell Riordan that ye're here? He wants to examine ye agin the master's arrival.

Lord F. Not yet. Wait till Tom comes. We'll not try to escape, an' begorry we couldn't av we would, for the place is too well guarded.

Shaun. Come wid me, Pat; I want to spake to ye.

Pat. All roight.

[*Exit with SHAUN, C.*]

Lord F. (*looks off R. U. E.; speaks in natural voice*). There comes Molly, poor girl. She little thinks that the clouds which darken her life are so soon to be lifted. I'll give this Riordan a little more rope, and then —

Enter MOLLY, R. U. E.

Lord F. The top av the avening to ye, Miss Molly.

Mol. Captain, is it true that you have been arrested?

Lord F. No, I am not arrested; but Bad Andy is.

Mol. But I don't understand —

Lord F. I am letting Riordan hang himself — that is all.

Mol. Ah, if poor father and Tom could only get out of their trouble as easily!

Lord F. Remember the old saying that the darkest hour is just before dawn.

Mol. Then there is hope? You tell me Lord Fermoy has a kind, generous nature. Then speak to him, plead with him, for my father — my poor old father so nearly crazed with grief.

Lord F. He will need no intercession from me. One word from you and he will gladly, eagerly grant all that you request.

Mol. Do you think so?

Lord F. I know it.

Mol. Oh, thank you again and again! Oh, what a load you have taken from my heart!

Lord F. Then don't you think I deserve a little reward — one or two, you know.

Mol. (*evading him*). Not while you wear that horrid disguise. (*Laughing.*) Do you think I would let such a horrid-looking creature kiss me? No, sir. How much longer are you going to wear it?

Lord F. Until my friend arrives. When he comes, I shall assume my rightful name.

Mol. Hush! some one is coming.

Enter TOM and NIPPER, C.

Mol. My brother in irons!

Tom (*bitterly*). Delightful, isn't it? But there will come a day of reckoning; and when it does come, somebody will pay dearly for this outrage.

Lord F. Howld yer timper, me bye. The day av reckoning is nearer than ye think.

Tom. If these handcuffs were off—

Lord F. Give me yer word not to assault Riordan, an' off they come.

Tom. Who the devil are you, anyhow?

Lord F. Never ye moind. Do ye promise?

Tom. Yes.

Lord F. (*to NIPPER*). Release him. [NIPPER *removes handcuffs*.]

Enter RIORDAN, L. U. E., and SHAUN, C.

Fer. Officer, come here. (NIPPER *joins him*.) I told you to iron that fellow. He's a dangerous character.

Nip. You needn't be shivering in your shoes. He's passed his word not to hurt you. [MOLLY and LORD FERMOY *retire up C*.]

Fer. Remain beside me, then. (*Sits L. of table, facing others*.) Lord Fermoy has written that he will be here soon; and before he arrives it is my duty to conduct a preliminary examination of one Thomas O'Grady, charged with felonious assault. O'Grady, what have you to say for yourself?

Enter DAN, R. U. E.

Dan. Don't answer him, my boy.

Fer. Dan O'Grady, be careful how you interfere in this affair. You may be held as an accomplice, and—

Dan. May I? [*Starts toward FERGUS*.]

Nip. Stand back. No violence here.

Dan. It's well that you are there, my friend.

Fer. (*to TOM*). Are you guilty or not guilty?

Shaun. Luk at that, now! Riordan is gettin' foolish wid askin' silly questions.

Fer. Silence! [Exit MOLLY, R. U. E.]

Shaun. See him swell up wid dignity, now that he has an officer beside him!

Fer. I'll have the room cleared unless you keep quiet.

Shaun. I'd loike to ask wan question; an' that is how the divil air we to answer questions av we kape quiet?—that's the question.

Fer. Officer, remove that man.

Lord F. Officer, remain whare ye air.

Fer. How, sir—dare you interfere?

Lord F. I'm thinkin' that for yer own safety ye betther lave the officer remain beside ye.

Fer. Perhaps you are right. There is no telling what these ruffians might attempt.

Tom. Ruffians? Oh, if I had not given my word!

Shaun. Aisy! Kape still! Go on wid yer questions.

Fer. (*to Tom*). You refuse to answer? Very well. Shaun, do you know the prisoner?

Shaun. Which prisoner? I belave I'm wan mesilf.

Fer. You were held to testify. Do you know the prisoner, Thomas O'Grady?

Shaun. Do I know Tom? Do I? Luk at that, now! Tom, he wants to know av I know ye.

Fer. (*angrily*). Answer my question.

Shaun. Sure, av coorse I've known Tom ever since we were byes together; an' I know his father an' mither an' sister, an' ould Niddy the mule, an' the *bonneens* in the backyard beyant, an' —

Fer. You need not mention the whole family.

Shaun. An' I know a crawlin', slimy shnake named Fergus Riordan that used to come thare, an' —

Fer. Enough! You were his accomplice, — you and yonder bog-trotter. (*Pointing to LORD F.*) Officer, I hold you responsible for these men. There is a special charge of assault against that fellow.

Shaun. That's bad fer ye, Andy.

Lord F. Yis; I think I'll not survive it.

Fer. You will find this no joke. O'Grady, you are held on the charge of an attempt at murder made five years ago.

Tom. That charge is a contemptible lie.

Fer. Really? Well, you will have some difficulty in proving it.

Lord F. Indade, he won't.

Fer. What do you mean, fellow?

Lord F. I'll show ye what I mane. (*At c.*) Hennings, come in.

Enter HENNINGS, C.

Fer. (*aside*). He here? Curse him!

Lord F. Now, Hennings, what have ye to say?

Hen. Only this, that five years ago —

Fer. Stop! Nobody wants to hear your testimony.

Lord F. Ye're wrong thare. We all want to hear it. (*To HENNINGS.*) Go on.

Hen. Five years ago that scoundrel yonder hired me to fire a shot at him, so that Tom O'Grady could be charged with the crime.

Shaun. Thare's testimony for ye, Mr. Riordan.

Hen. He promised to pay me well for that iniquitous work, but he lied; the same as he lied about sending Dan O'Grady's money to Lord Fermoy.

Dan. What is that? Did not Lord Fermoy get that money?

Hen. Not a farthing.

Fer. It's a tissue of falsehoods you're telling. Who would believe a man like you?

Lord F. I would.

Fer. You? Bah! Who are you?

Lord F. (*throwing off wig, beard, and long coat*). Fermoy, of Fermoy Castle. [General surprise.]

Shaun. Put that in yer tay and drink it.

Fer. My lord, I — I — I am —

Shaun. Surprised? I'll bet ye air. Luk at his nose — how blue it is!

Lord F. Fergus Riordan, five years ago I was here, disguised as I have been of late. I came to investigate your work, but was suddenly called to India, where my regiment was stationed. I helped Tom to escape, as I had no time to investigate the charge which I knew you would bring against him. Shaun, my faithful friend, was in my confidence, and has carefully guarded my secret. On my return I came here again, and this time I have found you out. I gave you plenty of rope, and you have hung yourself. You have conspired against the life and liberty of one of Her Majesty's subjects, and you know the penalty.

Fer. O Lord Fermoy, have mercy, have mercy! [Kneels.]

Lord F. Mercy? You shall have justice.

Shaun. Ah, Fergus, ye ould shnake, av ye had the nine loives av a cat, thare's enough agin ye to hang ye twice fer aich wan o' him. [TOM and DAN converse.]

Lord F. Officer, take him in charge.

Nip. Come along. [Handcuffs FERGUS.]

Hen. Let me help. Fergus, I said I'd get even, and I have.

[Exeunt, FERGUS, HENNINGS, and NIPPER, C.]

Lord F. Mr. O'Grady, my agent has made me appear very odious in your eyes; but I hope in future you will think better of me.

Dan. My lord, if I should know you for a lifetime I could not esteem you more than I do. You are more than a lord, sir, you are a gentleman, and there is my hand on it. If I can ever repay you —

Lord F. You can, sir, very easily.

Dan. In what way?

Lord F. By accepting me as a son-in-law.

Dan. What? Do you mean it?

Lord F. Indeed, I do.

Shaun. Indade, he does. Hasn't he talked me to death day an' noight wid his "Molly, Molly, Molly?"

Dan. My little girl — a lady?

Lord F. She is that already, sir.

Dan. Tom, tell Molly to come here please.

Tom. Yes, sir. [Exit, R. U. E. LORD F. and DAN converse.]

Enter MAGGIE, C.

Mag. O Shaun!

Shaun. O Maggie!

Mag. Whare's Bad Andy?

Shaun. Sizz! (*Points up.*) He's flew up the flue!

Mag. The saints presarve us! What do ye mane?

Shaun. I mane that Bad Andy is not Bad Andy.

Mag. No?

Shaun. No. Bad Andy is Lord Fermoy.

Mag. Bad Andy a lord? O Lord!

[*They go L.*

Enter MOLLY and MRS. O'GRADY, R. U. E.

Dan. Mother!

[*They converse R.*

Lord F. (C.). Molly, I have a confession to make. I gave you a fictitious name in London, as I feared you might be prejudiced against me. But when I told you that Lord Fermoy loved a beautiful Irish girl, I spoke the truth — for I am he.

Shaun (*to MAGGIE*). And she am she!

Mag. Hould yer tongue!

Lord F. Will you forgive me?

Mol. If you will promise not to turn into somebody else.

Lord F. (*laughing*). Oh, I'll promise that. (*They go L.* SHAUN and MAGGIE *cross to C.*)

Mag. You ax him.

Shaun. No, you ax him.

Mag. No, no, you ax him.

Lord F. (L.). What is it, Shaun?

Shaun. Well, ye see, Andy — I beg yer pardon — Lord Fermoy — ye see Maggie here is dyin' to marry me, an' —

Mag. Luk at that now!

Shaun. I mane we're both dyin' to marry aich ither; an' as ye know, Andy — oh, blister me tongue! — I mane as we're your lórdship's tinants, we thought it only proper to — to — to ax —

Lord F. My consent? You have it, and I dare say that everybody is willing.

Shaun (*to DAN*). Air ye willin'?

Dan. Of course we are.

Shaun (*to audience*). An' air ye willin'? Av coorse ye air. Then here's axin' ye, one an' all, to shake a fut at me weddin'. An' may yez all be happy an' live till ye die, is the best wish av yer friend, SHAUN AROON.

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

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